Robin Red-breast

AND THE

WREN:

OR,

ROBIN's Complaint on the Vanity of the *TIMES.*

MARK Chap. 13. V. 18. *Pray ye that your flight be not in the Winter.* V. 37. *What I say unto you, I say unto all.*

Compyled above Sixty Years ago.

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AND

The WREN,

OR,

ROBIN RED-BREAST's Complaint.

IN the last of *October*, the first of *November*,
When gone is the Summer, then cometh the Win-ter,
When *Phœbus* goes into the Sign of *Aquary*,
Whan *Flora* in Field no longer will tarry:
Her Mantle she foldeth up from the Ground,
And says, untill *Easter* it shall not be found.
When over the Mountains does *Boreas* blow,
And covers the Valleys with Hail, Frost, and Snow,
When small Birds flocking do flee from the Banks;
Then home comes *Robin* with his Red Shanks:
Supposing a Storm to be on the Plain,
And into the Kirk goes he and the *Wren*:
Perceiving the same to be desolate,
And *Robin* himself went to the Pulpit;
Having no Auditors there but the *Wren*,
And her he ordained for to say *Amen*.
Then spake *Robin* with Countenance crabbed,
Says, where is the Pastor this Church should guide?
How can our Divines be thus way affected,
That suffer God's Service to be so neglected?

Now mighty JEHOVAH GOD of Salvation,
In mercy, come visite Thy Church in this Nation,
Destroy Thy Enemies by Thy great Might,
And letshine on Her Thy Countenance bright
For there was not a Time since the Reformation,
So many a Desolate Congregation,
As does in this Land at this time remain.
I wish it were mended. *Amen* said the *Wren*.
Our Church of Old was so right defended,
That through all *Europe* her praise was extended:
They were not tongue tyed that Truth did reveal,
The whole Council of GOD they did not conceal.
But now Mr. *John Sincere* he is confin'd,
He hath not a Preaching can pleasure our mind,
And Mr. *William Telltruth* he is displac'd,
The Girdles now us'd are not meet for his weist,
There's many are baniſh'd and put from their Station,
For lack of a Stomach to take their Collation.
LORD take not thy presence from us away,
The *Wren* said *Amen*, it's true that ye say:
For now at this time crabbed is Age,
And Youth it's fearful desireous of Wage.
Some are more careful to get a good Stipend,
Than they're of the Flock they have got a keeping,
Mr. *David Lukewarm*, late Minister here,
Oft times received a broad Belt to wear,
He has left Desolate his Congregation,
To be prefer'd to more Estimation,
His Honours are so highly augmented,
That he has forgot that he Covenanted,
He swore when he received his Charge,
Before his Brethren. (Witnesses large)
He gave his hand to his Congregation,
That Death should be their first Separation.
There's not a Man that Marries a Wife,
And taketh another in time of her Life,
Tho he be a Prince or she be a Queen.
That Man of Adultery cannot be clean.

And

And ye know that Adult'rous and Covetous Men,
What ſhall be their Portion, the Apoſtle doth pen.
At the Laſt Day, Account will be craved
Of every Paſtor, what Flock he received,
To pay all that is Loſt, he will ordain,
That can ſhow neither Skin nor Bird.
I would all Great Ones would take Tent,
That all they have in this World's but lent.
And he that uſes his Talent aright,
His Treaſure's better than *Ceſar's* Might.
The Lord with that Man was not content,
That gave back his Talent without Annualrent.
He was committed to Priſon ye know!
But where ſhall they go have nothing to ſhow?
I wiſh each Chriſtian would take pain,
To gain with the Talent. *Amen* ſaid the *Wren.*
For Men at this time look ſo to vain glory,
That clean out of their Mind is *Memento mori.*
I think with Death they have made a Condition
They are ſo giv'n to this World's poſſeſſion.
Altho for a time Death doth Suſpend them;
Yet e're it be long he will apprehend them!
And if they be found, without Separation,
The World will give them but ſmall Conſolation.
That Matchleſs Monarch, the Great *Macedon,*
Who conquer'd Kingdoms many a one:
For all the Dominions he did have,
The World would hardly grant him a Grave!
I marvel of Men ſuch Pride ſhould ba:
Behold the Great Humilitie,
There was into the KING of Kings,
Who was the Creator and GOD of All Things:
He, for the Redemption of Man's Loſs,
Did humble Himſelf unto the Croſs.
Was not in Him Humility compleat?
When He did waſh His Diſciples Feet!
You know the two Brethren did demand,
To Sit at His Right and Left Hand:

He did rebuke them for their Rash speaking,
And said, *Ye know not what ye are seeking.*
And unto His Disciples He did shaw,
Far from Ambition their Minds to draw:
'*Whoever the Masterie would have,*
'*Let him be Servant to all the lave.*
But the contrary they use in this Land,
Some they are *Prelates* the rest to command,
And their Brethren they hold under Correction,
And for to do nothing without their Direction.
Who contraries what they command,
That man from his Place shall be disband,
I am Sorrie our *Balaam* wants an Ass,
To tell them of their wrongs past.
To follow CHRIST, and take up the Cross,
They think such Doctrine is to their Loss.
An easier way they mind to take,
They'll Ride before him on Horse-back;
Altho' the way be narrow to Heaven,
They think their Coaches may thither be driven.
But sure one day pale Death will find them,
And make them leave their Coaches behind them.
And go on foot to their Fathers Race.
In Heaven for Coaches there is no place:
Who ever would ascend on Hy,
The Footstep is Humility.
I would that all men would soberly go,
And use this World, as they used it no,
Because the fashion of the World passeth away,
The *Wren* said Amen, its true that ye say.
CHRIST through *Judea* went on Foot,
We read but once on a Colt he did sit,
Had *Paul* had a Gown as now has our *Sect*,
With *Carpus* he had not left his Cloack.
Our Saviour on Earth humbly he went,
Healling the Sick and Impotent.
He Cured *Bartemeus* that was Blind,
The woman that Toucht His Gown behind,

He

He heal'd that man who ſick did abide,
Eight and thirty Years at the *Pool* ſide,
Some they are blinded Spiritually,
As *Bartemeus* Corporally.
Blind Folk at this time are carry'd away,
Like *Hawks* with Hoods in a windy day.
Becauſe their Deeds they are not right,
They love Darkneſs more than light,
Remaining in their blind Deceit.
They never ſeek CHRIST to Open their Eyes,
Some have the Woman's Infirmities,
Tho' yet has not her Fidelities,
This World hath them ſo bewitch'd,
CHRIST's Garments they have never toucht.
Some Lives forty Years, and ſome threeſcore,
Into this World in ſpiritually ſore.
They never ſeek CHRIST to them,
Until their Glaſs it doth outrun them.
Happie are they that with Contrition,
In time ſeeks to that Bleſt Phiſician,
Who can both Soul and Body cure,
The *Wren* ſaid Amen, for that is ſure.
The Fountain of Life, and Grace Beginner,
Delighteth not in the Death of a ſinner,
Deſiring all men to Repent,
In time before their Glaſs be ſpent,
I think His Bleſſed Word ſo kind,
Should never go out of their Mind.
Who graciouſly ſaid, *Come to me,*
All ye that weary and loaden'd be.
For all the gracious ſweet inviting,
Men give him but a ſimple meeting,
Some do come for Example,
As the Phariſee came to the Temple,
Standing and Praying, and thanking GOD then,
That he was not like other men,
He Faſted, gave Alms, twice in the Week,

It was all good he of himſelf did ſpeak:
He payed the Tythes of all he poſſeſt.
It was his own Righteouſneſs he confeſt:
He thanked GOD he was not a Man,
That like was to the Publican!
The *Publican* was in another Caſe;
He ſmote on his Breaſt, and fell on his Face;
Saying, *LORD let Thy Mercy unto me be given,*
Whoſe eyes are not worthy to look up to Heaven.
Which of the two was holden the beſt?
The one denyed, the other Confeſt.
Truth calleth him happieſt, went on his knees
To Chriſt for to cure his ſinful Diſeaſe.
Few at this time are weary and Loden,
Except it be with Roſt and Sodden.
The Cup that makes them moſt to ſtink,
It is a Cup of Over Sea Drink:
When they with it confer at Night,
At Morn their Stomach is not right,
Untill they get an Augmentation
Of Liquor, for to cure their paſſion.
A Multitude, for a Neighbour's inviting,
They will go to a Drunken Meeting.
But when they are invited by CHRIST
To eaſe their Burden, Few keep Tryſt!
Becauſe of it they have no Feeling:
They think it better to ſpend a Shilling,
In the Ale houſe, with their Mate,
Although they ſhould ſtay ne're ſo late.
A Blind Man he doth ſow no Seed:
Thy Life is but a Feckleſs Threed.
If thou with Drink be Sitting Sotted,
Atropus may come and cut it.
If thou with Drink go to the Clay,
Thou ſhalt Riſe Drunken at the Laſt Day.
The Saints they will on others hollow,
And ſay, Behold Yon Drunken Fellow!
See how the Drink hath made him doyl'd?

His

His Wedding Garment's all beſoil'd,
Gar ſoon go hide him out of ſight,
The fellow hath been Drunk o're Night,
O! if that Man in Companie,
Remember would Eternitie;
Where there is either Pleaſure or pain,
O! that is true Sir ſaid the *Wren*.
This time could I be Liberal,
Here from the Danger of the Cat,
I'd ſpeak while I ſhould wearie my Shanks,
Altho I ſhould get little Thanks.
The Love of GOD does me conſtrain,
To ſpeak the Truth I fear no Man.
There ſhould no Paſtor in his Function,
Be tyed unto Mans Injunction,
Man ſpeak truth freely from thy Heart
And never from the ſame Depart,
GOD's Word ſhould not be ſpoke in privat.
Tho' thou ſhould'ſt ſuffer perſecution.
The LORD will make thee Reſtitution.
Shortly either here or hence,
Therefore rejoice with patience,
Whoever wrongs the Church of GOD,
We ſee in end they are down trode.
Proud *Haman* he was high Hanged,
Becauſe that *Mordecai* he wronged,
Man ſtill upon thy Maker wait,
As *Mordecai* did at the Gate,
For Godlineſs it is great gain,
That's true. *Amen* Sir, ſaid the *Wren*.
Now what's foreſaid I will let be,
And ſpeak ſomething of Husbandrie,
This time *I'm* drawn in admiration,
For to behold this Slaviſh Nation,
The Ground for lack of Labouring,
This time doth little Fruit forth bring.
For there's come Abroad ſuch News,
That Husband Men has left their Plews.

They

They may not Labour as they would,
Because the Season is so cold,
And in the places is Presented,
Men that are not Experimented,
With the Condition of the Field,
In Season when it should be Til'd,
For some have gotten the Plough to hald,
That Scarcely well can Wield the Gad,
Who cannot Temper the Irons right,
Will never make the Furrous straight,
When that the Ground is Plew'd with Bauks,
It bears nothing but Fruitless Stalks.
When that the Master comes to Reap it,
He'l say the Labourers has Sleeped,
When that they should the Land Manure,
It is both Barren, Lean and Poor,
He'l cause speedy dispatch on them,
And his Ground set to other Men,
When Truth is not with freedom talked,
It is like Ground which Plough hathBaulked,
The Fruit that from the same proceeds,
Is nothing but unsavoured Weeds.
All ye that have the LORDS Commission,
To share to Men, make no Omission,
With Courage declare his whole Council,
Let Men think of it what they will,
Happy's the Man whose heart is plain,
Without any Guile. Amen, said the *Wren.*

When good Men are put from the Chair,
And Children set to Blow the Fire,
Men may wait long upon their Soals,
E're they be warmed with their Coals,
But Men have now such Cloaths to wear,
That Heat nor Cold they do not fear,
About their shoulders, waste, and knees,
They are array'd like Butterflies,
The great Artificer *Dædalus,*
I think he hath invented this,

when

When to his Son he did make wings,
He has found out thir flightering things.
Like *Icarus* they flie on hy,
Looking to Heaven, as they would fly,
Mounting with Ribbons with Coats rifling,
It is a wonder to see such Speeling.
Came they to Heaven in such Array,
The Saints I'm sure they will affray,
They'l be to Admiration Driven,
To see such Gayzard's come to Heaven,
The Prince which came our Souls to save,
The like on Earth did never crave,
His Coat without Seam was Woven throughout,
There was no Ribbons it about,
Had it been as this time Deco'd,
The Soulders would have Foughren sor't,
But some men they may say to me,
Why should we not go perfytlie,
And use our Cloth's into the Fashion,
The which is us'd into this Nation,
Mans perfect cloaths I'le not Dispraise,
But I hate all their Superfluous Guise.
That men do wear their Cloathes above,
Such Vanities I do not Love,
Our Fathers Cloaths were full as warm,
And did their Purses far less harm,
When nothing in their time was worn,
But such as on the Sheep was shorn.
Of Old, it Monstruous was by Nature,
The which was knowo by their Srature,
But now there's many in this Part,
Has made themselves Monsters by Art.
Mens Cloaths that are now variable,
Does prove their ways to be Unstable.
Of no Cloathing they are content,
Except the Shape that's Nice invent.
Our Artificers every Year,
They have a New Fashion to Lear.

But

But could they change their Persons too
They would get twice as much to do,
It is but poor Mens Fantasie,
And Crafts Mens Curiositie,
That doth uphold their Cloaths in Vain,
The one for Pride, the other for Gain,
But would they come and learn at me,
And cast away inconstancie.
For there was neither Wind nor Weather,
That ever gart me change a Feather,
By my *Red-breast* you may perceive,
I never altered, what Nature gave.
Since first I of an Egg was clecked,
A Merchant's Book I never blecked
But thou Man, when thy Cloaths are worn,
They are borrowed, and not thy own,
Naked came thou thy Mother frae,
And Naked to her shalt thou gae,
Dost thou not know, that it was Sin,
That first brought Cloaths the World within,
For if that Sin had never been,
Mens Nakedness had ne're been seen.
Men should not in their Clothing glory,
They have more reason to be sorry.
For Cloaths are Witness to you all,
That Man did from his Maker fall.
I would ye Studyed, that New Fashion,
In time to Study your Salvation,
And seek to cover your Nakedness,
With the Mantle of CHRIST'S Righteousness,
Which is a cloathing of great joy,
The Moths they cannot it destroy.
It is not like your cloathing vain,
That's true, *Amen* Sir, said the *Wren*.

Come is the Day that CHRIST foretold,
The Love of many should Wax cold,
And Sin into the World abound,
And Faith on Earth should scarce be found,

At this same time now Men may see,
Fulfilled is that Prophesie,
Love is not only cold this day,
But it is almost quite away.
Mens Actions at this time do prove,
They Lack both Charity and Love,
They say, they Love the LORD of Might,
They Ne're saw him with Natural sight,
And having their Brother whom dayly they see,
Saint *John* Declares what Men they be,
Man Love the LORD with all thy heart,
Thy Soul, and Mind, and every part,
And Love thy Neighbour as they self,
If thou desires in Heaven to Dwell,
For Love it is a thing ye know,
That is approved in the Law,
The Prophet to us does import,
Which was according to GOD's Heart,
That the LORDS Love is better nor Life,
Grace Dwells not with Envy and Strife.
I wish that all Men would inure,
To Love the LORD, and him Adore
While they into this Life Remain.
AMEN, so would I said *Wren.*
Sin does this time as much abound,
As it did when the World was Drown'd,
Before the Flood one Hundred Year.
Good *Noah* did preach they would not hear,
They Eat, they Drank, they Married,
Till the Deluge it covered,
All Living things to Death for Sin,
Except who was the *Ark* within,
They may to Men Example give,
Like them that do Securely Live,
The difference Man thou may behold,
They were ov'r Hot, and thou ov'r Cold.
They ne're would hearken unto *Noy*,
Untill the Flood did them destroy.

Like

Like them the People in their days,
They take small tent what Pastors says,
When they declare that sin brings Death,
They think it is but vain Man's Breath.
Their time they drive off with Delay,
And puts the evil day far away,
The Rumours of Wars by Sea and Land,
Declares the last day is at hand,
The Teachers they shall be condemn'd
When ye and they are both examin'd,
When that the Truth did never shine,
Their punishment shall be less nor thine,
The man that knows his Masters will,
And has no care it to fulfill,
But daily does the contrary,
Of double stripes he is worthy.
Take heed all ye that are vain,
And ye that uses words prophane,
To you it will not be no bourds,
When compt is sought of evil words,
I would that men were so inclin'd
for to be of Saint *Jerom's* mind;
Intil his Ears he sounded Ay,
The Trumpet of the Latter day.
O! if all men were of that strain,
Amen, so would I said the *Wren*.
But sin abounds and Love is cold,
Their eyes are dim does not behold,
To please the Lord an Infidel,
That is a thing impossible,
I wish that all mens heart were bent,
With CHRIST to keep their Covenant,
Concerning Vows made to the LORD,
At this time I'm not to Record,
Was never since the world began,
So little Faith rewxt man and man,
Justice this time is greatly thral'd,
When Truth it is for Money sauld.

Who breaks the Bond they did Subscrive,
That Man is likely not to Thrive.
Can like the Proverb of *Aberdeen*.
Denys at Morn, they spake at E'en.
Of old when Men held up their hand
And cry'd aſar: their Word did ſtand.
Their Promiſes were better perfyted,
Than now when they've Clerks to write it,
Who has outward fair Profeſſion,
And has within Diſſimulation
They may go ſeek to *Typhis*,
Their Portion with the Hypocrite.
I Pray the Mighty LORD on High,
To give us true Fidelity
That we may ſpeak truth with our Heart
And never from the ſame Depart,
And put away the Spot of Sin.
That doth remain the World within.
Build up thy *Sion*, Thou GOD of Grace
And all Thy enemies Deface,
The LORD to Save our Noble King,
And grant him long in Peace to Reign,
His Queen, and Royal Famille,
And guide them from their Enemie.
Do Thou, who made both Sea and Land,
The *Doer* of all he takes in hand,
And give him grace for to endure,
And ſee Thy Glory him before.
If I have ſaid ought here but Reaſon,
Excuſe me and blame the cold Seaſon,
Which was the cauſe that I came hither,
The very Violence of the Weather.
The LORD grant us a happy Spring,
That we poor Birds may Chant and Sing,
And leave our Notes upon the Banks,
And give our Maker *Praiſe* and Thanks,
When the Winter of this World's away,
Then comes a Heavenly Summer Day,

There shall be Joy withoutten Sadness,
And Youth, but Age, Eternal Gladness.
Grant us Thy Love, O! Heavenly Father,
And Bless and Save us altogether;
By Thy Almighty Power Divine,
And make Thy Countenance on us to shine;
Thy Only SON our Souls restor'd:
Thou hight us Grace and Mercy, Lord:
And grant us all we Thee entreat,
The Fellowship of Thy Holy Spirit,
For ever with us to remain,
Amen, *Amen*, Sir, quoth the *Wren*.

CONCLUSION.

You may believe him, if you please;
He is as true a Bird as flees:
And speaks nothing but what is true,
And will not fleech nor flatter you.
And for the *Wren*, you may consider,
She is of Nature like the other.
And both do acquiesce to Reason,
And chant their Notes into the Season.

FINIS.